

STORIES OF THE **ARMY** AND **NAVY**

MILITARY

JUNE
No.10

COMICS

BLACKHAWK
STANDS ALONE, AS
THE LEGIONS OF
DOOM SWEEP IN
FROM THE DESERT!

LOOPS AND BANKS
THE SNIPER
SHOT and SHELL
SECRET
WAR
NEWS

2 COMPLETE
SECTIONS
IN **ONE**

ARMY

NAVY

**"TRAPPED IN
THE DEVIL'S
OVEN"**

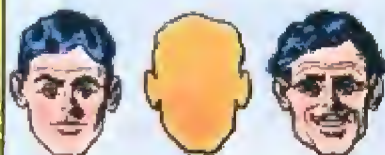
BESIEGED IN A
FLAMING FORTRESS
DEFENDED BY DEAD
MEN..



ACROSS THE SILENT
SAHARA COME
THE BLACKHAWKS!



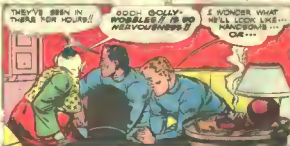
IN QUEST OF A
MAN'S FACE...





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

It is evening... *Blackhawk Island* lies silent in the glow of the sinking sun ----- In the well equipped infirmary Dr. Von Rath attempts, despite his madness, to restore Andre's horribly scarred face ----

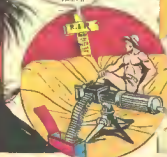


AND WITHIN THE BLESSED
DEVIL'S OWN CAB'S

HMM... LOOKS AS
IF I'M THE ONLY
ONE LEFT!!



WELL, I'LL MAKE
MESELF COMFORTABLE
IN THIS BLOOMIN' ONE
AND JUST
WAIT!!



AT THAT MOMENT



STEP RIGHT UP BOYS!
THIS ONE IS ON ME...



HA HA HAAAH!
SWALLOW THIS
YOU DESERT
FOOL!!



THIS IS FOR RONNIE!

RAT TAT TAT TAT

AND
IGGY!!

RAT TAT
TAT TAT
TAT



AND THIS
ONE...

WULF!!



IT IS ... FOR ...



ENGLAND



ENGLISH PIGS!! BAN!!
BUT WAIT I ASIA EL
HADOUN, HAVE A WONDER
FUL OSA!! NO!!!
BAND SHOVELS!!



LATER:

I SAY...THE DETACHMENT
FROM DEVIL'S OVEN CASIS
IS COMING IN!! I THOUGHT
THEY WERE HOPELESSLY
TRAPPED!! OPEN THE
GATES!!



NO RAY!!

GOOD
SHOW!!



GOOD
HEAVENS!!
HE'S MEN
STABBED!!

THEY'RE
ALL
DEAD!!



British Soldier:
You have offended
our friends, the Nazis,
with whom we have
fought! Our friends,
which surround you,
are as numerous as
the sands of the
desert. I'm a
foolish young
fellow with great
British lands.
Sgt. Al Hadoun
Major

WE CAN'T POSSIBLY
HOLD OUT AGAINST
THE COMBINED
HOSTS OF NAZIS
AND ARABS!!
RADIO FOR
ASSISTANCE!

YES,
SIR!!



ABANDONING ON BLACKHAWK
ISLAND, THE TIME HAS
COME TO UNVEIL ANDRE!!!
DID THE DOCTOR SUCCEED!!
WHAT WILL HE LOOK LIKE?



HURRY,
ANDRE...
LET'S
SEE!!

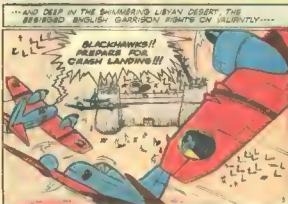
GLEEPS!
IS ALL
SUSPENSIFUL!

TELL ME...WHAT D.O. DO I
LOOK LIKE? SOMEONE
SAY SOMETHING!!



YOU EADNETIC SCREW!
BALL!! WHAT'S THE BIG
IDEA? THAT ISN'T
ANDRE'S FACE!!





BEHOLD,
O' LORD OF
THE DESERT!!

AIEEE!!
BLACK-
HAWKS!!

MAZING A SWATH THROUGH THE ATTACKING HORDES, THE
BLACKHAWKS ROAR IN----



GLAS BARKING, THEY CLEAVE
THEIR WAY TO THE PORT!!



POO-OEY!!

POO-OEY!!

STAND
BY TO
CLOSE
GATES!!



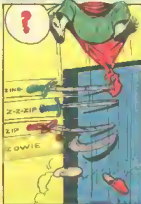
GLEEPS!!



HE BEEN GLOBBLE
CLOSED... OPEN
GLATES BEFLO
FRIENDS SETTLE
CHOP'S NASH
WITH GLASH.



?



GLACIOUS ME!
TOO CLOSE!!
HE STILL
FEEL COLD
BUSTLE OF
KNIFE!





IN A FEW MINUTES, THE GALLANT DEAD SOLDIERS ARE PROPPED UP AROUND THE WALL---



ON A NEARBY DUNE, ANDRE'S DOUBLE, VON Z'BAH, STARES ASTOUNDED ---



VOULÉ... I HAVE ZE GRAY
ARAB!! I RESEMBLE THIS VON
ZEPH NO? BEN!! I WILL KNOCK
HIM ON ZE HEAD SO... AND TAKE
HIS PLACE!! WE
WIN ZE WAR!!

HOLY
SMOKES!!
YOU'RE A
GENIUS!!



THAT EVENING, ANDRÉ IS LET DOWN BY A ROPE TO THE SAND
BELOW, WHERE HE GLIDES TOWARDS THE ENEMY LINES.



...AND IN VON ZEPH'S TENT...

NOW GET OUT!!
ONE OF THESE DAYS YOU
WILL SHARE YOUR FATHER'S
FATE!!



THAT
@*!!@*!!
HAG!!...BR..
WHAT WAS
THAT NOISE??



TEN MINUTES LATER...

DID
YOU CALL
SIR?

ER...AH... YES!!
"GRRR!!"

SUMMON THE
OFFICERS TO MY
QUARTERS!!



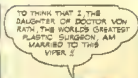
GENTLEMEN!! I HAVE STARTLING
NEWS!! OUR SUPPOSED ALLIES THE
ARABS, ARE IN REALITY TRAITORS!!
THEY HAVE BETRAYED US TO
THE ENEMY!! GRRR!!... AND!!...
ah... ah...

YOU
LIE!!!

SILENCE,
PDS!!!







JUST AS THE FIRST PAINT
RIVERS OF DAWN DART OVER
THE HORIZON, THE **Black-**
AWARD SWOOP DOWN OVER
THEIR SECRET ISLAND IN THE
NORTH ATLANTIC----



SAY, DOC!!
WE BROUGHT
YOU A
PRESENT!!

FOR ME?
GOODY!
GOODY!

OUI,
BUT
TIME
WAS
TOO
SHORT
TO
HAVE IT
GIFT-
WRAPPED!!



BOOBY!

BARBARA!
MY
DAUGHTER!



SHIP: YOU MEN ARE
THE MOST WONDERFUL
FELLOWS IN THE
WORLD!! I FEEL LIKE
A NEW MAN! I'M
SURE I CAN RE-
OPERATE SUCCESS-
FULLY NOW!!



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, ANDRÉ'S NURSE, BARBARA, TAKES VERY
GOOD CARE OF HIM INDEED---



WHEN AT LAST ANDRÉ'S
FACE IS HEALED THE
SURPRISE IS TERRIFIC!!
HAS THE DOCTOR BEEN
SUCCESSFUL??
SHAWWWW... ANDRÉ
LOOKS LIKE ...



ANDRÉ
HIMSELF!



SUCCESS!

AND NOW WE HAVE
SOMETHING TO
ANNOUNCE... WE
WANT YOU ALL TO
COME TO OUR
BETROTHAL PARTY
WHEN WE SET
THE DATE!



RAY!
WHOOPIE!
HOWLAAAAA...



SNIPER

OUR TRAILS CROSS AGAIN... BUT NOT FOR LONG! IT SEEMS THAT SOMEONE NEEDS MY... ER... ATTENTION! HOWEVER, LET ME TELL YOU OF SIGNOR BAREZZI... I MEAN THE LATE SIGNOR BAREZZI WHOSE SMILING TREACHERY LED MANY AN INNOCENT VICTIM TO A SHAMEFUL END! HEREIN THERE IS AN OLD ADAGE WHICH SAYS 'THOSE WHO LIVE BY THE SWORD... WILL PERISH BY THE SWORD.'

ELTED 8 JAN

TO SHOW HOW BESTIAL BAREZZI WAS... LOOK AT TWO OF HIS VICTIMS!

HMP THE STUPID FASCISTS THINK THIS INN IS A WINTER RESORT... AND DO NOT KNOW HOW MANY PEOPLE I HAVE LED TO LAKE CONSTANCE AND FREEDOM!

YOU HAVE BEEN MOST KIND, SIGNOR BAREZZI!

WHEN YOU GET TO SWITZERLAND... TELL THEM OF FASCIST BRUTALITY!

THE PAPERS YOU GAVE US WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT, SIGNOR BAREZZI!

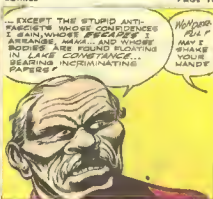
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...

LOOK, MOTHER... LOOK!

CALL TO SIGNOR BAREZZI FOR HELP!

SAVE US... SAVE US... WE CAN'T SWIM!

I COULDN'T PICTURE THE ABOVE TRAGEDY BECAUSE I ONLY HEARD OF IT AFTER IT HAPPENED. HOWEVER, PERHAPS YOU WOULD BE INTERESTED IN WHAT HAPPENED TO SIGNOR BAREZZI AFTER I TOOK TO THE... ER... CHASE.

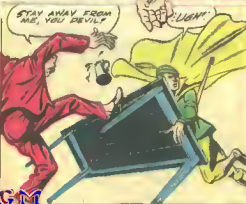


THOUGH THE AIR IS CHILL... BAREZZI'S FOREHEAD BECOMES DAMPENED WITH PERSPIRATION AS HIS EYES RALL TO THE OBJECT PRESSED WITHIN HIS PALM.

MADE ME THE SNIPER?

A TONELESS VOICE, DEVOID OF EMOTION... CRACK AGAINST BAREZZI'S EARS?

DID I MAKE A GOOD WINTER BAREZZI?



FASCIST KILLERS RACE INTO THE INN...AS BAREZZI URGES THEM ON...FROM THE OUTSIDE!



...AS THE CONFIDENT FASCISTS CHARGE FORWARD...A SWINGING FIGURE HURTLES INTO THEIR RANKS!



DON'T BE AFRAID, COMRADES! HE...HE IS ONLY ONE MAN!

WATCH OUT...!!
Aaaaaa...

CAN'T STOP NOW! I'M AFTER BIGGER GAME!

HERE IS YOUR LUCKY HAT, SENIOR BAREZZI!

A GOOD FASCIST BULLET WILL STOP YOUR RASPING TONGUE!



BAREZZI IS FAST... BUT THE SNIPER'S TRIGGER FINGER MOVES WITH THE SPEED AND ACCURACY OF A VIPER'S TONGUE!

I'LL NOT KILL YOU... YET... YOU HAVEN'T SUFFERED ENOUGH!



GAAP! MUST GET AWAY!

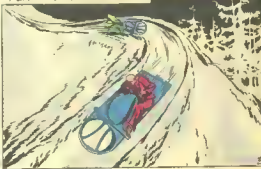
HIS HEART PUMPING WITH FEAR...BAREZZI RACES FOR A NEAR-BY BOSSLE!

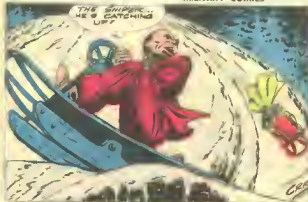


AND... RIGHT BEHIND HIM...THE SWIFT-MOVING SNIPER RELENTLESSLY FOLLOWS...



BITING INTO THE CRISP ICE...STEEL RUNNERS WHIZZ AT BREAKNECK SPEED 'ROUND BANKED WALLS OF ICE, AS THE IMPLACABLE SNIPER PURSUES HIS QUARRY...





WITH STRENGTH BORN OF DESPERATION... BAREZZI TUGS AT AN IRON HAND-GRIP!



CALMLY, METHODICALLY... THE MANHUNTER EMPTIES RIFLE BULLETS INTO BAREZZI'S HAT?



Then... A POWERFUL ARM FLINGS THE WEIGHTED HAT FORWARD!



THE RACING SLED HITS THE HEAVY FUR HAT... VEERS SHARPLY...



Minutes Later...

Hehehe... THIS IS
ONE TIME BAREZZI'S
HAT FAILED HIM...



*But, AS THE SNIPER
SENDS OVER HIS PREY!*

MY EYES
ARE HERE...

INHUMAN
PROWLING.
I'VE TRICKED
YOU! TRICKED
THE GREAT
SNIPER...
HA HA HAHA!



BAREZZI GRASPS
THE LONG RIFLE OF
THE TEMPORARILY
BLINDED SNIPER AND...

RETURNING MY
HAT WAS A
FATAL MISTAKE
FOR YOU.

UOW!



LUCKY MY CAP CUSHIONED
THE BLOW! Hehehe...
LOOK AT THE FOOL RUN,
...LEAVING A TRAIL A
CHILD COULD FOLLOW!



SHORTLY
AFTER...

THIS RIFLE
WILL PROVE
TO MY SUPERIORS
THAT I KILLED THE
SNIPER... AND NOW TO
SABOTAGE THAT BOAT
SO I CAN ESCORT
MORE ANTI-FASCISTS
TO THE BOTTOM
OF THE LAKE!



WH... NO...
NO... IT
CAN'T BE...
YOU'RE
DEAD...
DEAD!

LIKE MY
CAMOUFLAGE
JOB BAREZZI?



IT'S AMAZING
HOW MANY TIMES
YOU CAN BE
WRONG!

Hehehe...



TEN FINGERS... LIKE
TEN STEEL BANDS...
TIGHTEN INEXORABLY
ABOUT THE THROAT OF
"BAREZZI!"



YOU CAN'T
KILL ME
WITHOUT
GIVING ME
A CHANCE
IT... IT'S
MURDER!



COMING FROM
YOU, THAT'S
VERY FUNNY!
HMMM... I'LL
GIVE YOU THE
SAME CHANCE
YOU'VE GIVEN
OTHERS!
GET INTO
THAT BOAT
BY THE LAKE
AND START
CROSSING!!



THE BOAT HADN'T
BEEN SABOTAGED
YET! I'LL RUN IT
AROUND THE
MAINLAND... GET
HELP... AND THE
SNIPER WILL LEARN
THE FUTILITY OF
FIGHTING SHORE
"BAREZZI!"



A
MOTOR
KICKS INTO
LIFE... AND
THE BOAT
ROARS FROM
THE
SHORE!

TRICKED
YOU AGAIN,
SNIPER, AND YOU
CAN'T STOP ME!
...YOU'VE NOTHING
TO SHOOT AT
!!



ON SHORE... A
GREEN-CLAD
FIGURE SIGHTS
THROUGH THE
TELESCOPIC
LENS ATTACHED
TO A SLIM
RIFLE!



A LEAN BROWN FINGER ENCIRCLES
A TRIGGER... AND THEN...

**WATER. WATER...
THE BOAT FILLS
WITH WATER!**



IGNOR
BAREZZI...
YOU WILL SOON
LEARN THAT NO
ONE ESCAPES
HIS FATE!

FRANTIC, UNAVAILING STRUGGLES CEASE...
BUBBLES NO LONGER BREAK THE SURFACE...
... AND LAKE CONSTANCE IS SERENE!



COLD,
LOODED,
TREACHER-
OUS ENTIRELY
WITHOUT MERCY
...BAREZZI MET,
AT THE END
OF HIS TRAIL,
THE VERY SAME
SHASTLY FATE HE'D
CALLOUSLY METED-
OUT TO SO MANY
OTHERS! NEXT
ON MY LIST IS
A VERY STRANGE
PERSON... VERY
STRANGE!

ASSIGNED TO RUSS
AS TECHNICAL
ADVISERS. LOOPS
AND BANKS SUD-
DENLY ARE TOLD
ONE DAY TO HIKE
INTO THEIR FLYING
TOGS AND REPORT
TO THE AIRFIELD
AT ONCE...



YOUR JOB IS TO GET THE
PAPERS. PREMIER STALIN
WILL GIVE YOU TO
ENGLAND. SHOW
WHAT THE UNITED
STATES MARINES CAN
DO MEN!!

AWE, AWE,
SIR!!



THE PAPERS ARE OF THE
LITMOST IMPORTANCE—
OUR SUCCESS DEPENDS
ON YOUR GETTING
THROUGH!! DO
NOT FAIL!!

DON'T WORRY,
PREMIER!
WE WON'T!!

I
HOPE!!



WELL...THE
BOYS GOT
OFF ALL
RIGHT AND
IN A FEW
HOURS WERE
WELL ON
THE WAY
TO BRITAIN



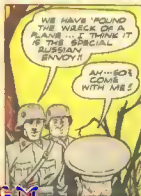
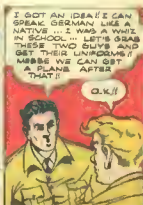
HEY, BANKS!!
LOOK!! HEINKELS!!
GET READY
FOR A SCRAMBLE!!



PLEASE DO NOT BOTHER
WARNING THE CREW
LEUTENANT BANKS...
I JUST SHOT
THEM!!











I OUGHTA... LOOK!!
NOW!! SPITFIRE!! AND
US!! IN A NAZI PLANE!!
LAND!! QUICK!!



THERE'S NO FIELD
ROUND!! THIS'LL HAVE
TO DO!! DUCK!!



ALL RIGHT YOU TWO...
COME ON OUT... LIVELY
NOW... WE'RE GOING
FOR A LITTLE WALK!
COME ALONG!!



WE'LL PROBABLY BE
SHOT... AND IT'S YOUR
FAULT, YOU
BIG CLUNK!!

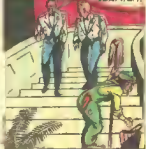


OH YEAH?
YOU
LITTLE
RUNT, I
OUGHTA...

WELL, TO
SHORTEN A LONG
STORY LOOPS AND
BANKS FINALLY
IDENTIFIED THEM.
SELVES AND GOT
STALIN'S PAPERS TO
THE PROPER AUTHORI-
TIES!! THAT NIGHT A
BIG PARTY WAS
THROWN FOR THEM...



BOY! I GUESS WE CAN'T
BE HURT! TWO CRASHES
IN ONE DAY... FIGHTING
THE WHOLE NAZI ARMY
AND NOT A
SCRATCH!



CAREFUL SIR! THEM
STAIRS IS
BLOODY
SLIPPERY!
HUN? WET
STAIRS CAN'T
HURT US...
AFTER WHAT
WE'VE...
I JUST
WET
EM!!



BEEN THROUGH!!



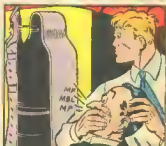
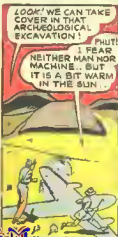
I SAY, OLD BOY... WHERE
ARE THOSE
AMERICANS?

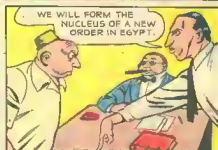
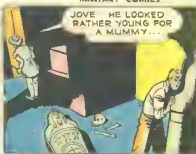
OH...
SORRY...
THE HOSPITAL JUST
CALLED... THEY HAD
AN ACCIDENT... I'M
AFRAID THEY'LL BE
LAID UP A WHILE!!



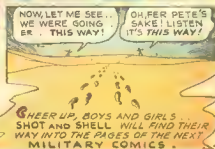
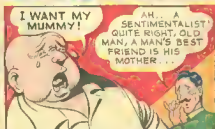


ONCE AGAIN OUR TWO ERRING KNIGHTS, COL. SAM SHOT AND SLIM SHELL TAKE TO THEIR HEELS IN THE FACE OF CERTAIN DEATH ACROSS THE EGYPTIAN WASTES THEY FLEE, SEEKING REFUGE FROM AXIS BULLETS . . .

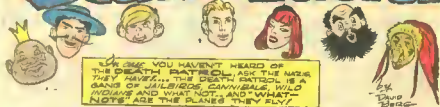








Death Patrol



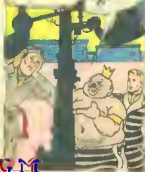
THE DEATH PATROL, WHEN THEY'RE NOT UPSETTING THE PLANS OF THE NAZIS, THEY'RE UNINTENTIONALLY GETTING IN THE WAY OF THE "GISH"



SHHHH... IT'S TOO CRAZY SLIGHTERS... HAVEN'T I ENOUGH TROUBLE WITHOUT YOU, I CAN'T PICK UP ANYTHING ON THESE MECH-ANICAL EARS BUT SOMETHING THAT SOUNDS LIKE



WAR DRUMS? GOOD! LET ME LISTEN. IT REMINDS ME OF MY NATIVE AFRICA



HEAVENS! IT'S A MESSAGE TO ME FROM AFRICA! IT'S BEEN DELAYED THOUGH EUROPE... MY PEOPLE NEED ME, FOR THE NAZIS HAVE INVADDED MY COUNTRY. YOU'VE BEEN ITCHIN' FOR A FIGHT! COME ON DEATH PATROL WE'RE OFF TO AFRICA!



MEANWHILE IN AFRICA AT
NAZI HEADQUARTERS!



THE CORPORAL IN TYPICAL
NAZI FASHION PERSUADED
THE NATIVE TO TALK!



COME BACK HERE YOU FOOL!
VE SHALL SET A TRAP FOR
DEM AND GET RID OF
DEM VUNCE UND FOR
ALL!



IF I MAY SUGGEST GENERAL
PERHAPS IT IS A MESSAGE
DOT VE SHOULD KNOW
ABOUT TO HELP IN OUR
CONQUEST OF AFRICA!



KING HOTINTOT? HE IS
VUN OF DER DEATH PATROL
WHICH DOT MEANS DEY
WILL ALL COME
HERE!



VE SHALL RAID KING HOTINTOT'S
VILLAGE AND PUT ALL HIS MOST
VALUABLE TREASURE IN DIS SQUARE,
UND VEN HE COMES MIT HIS
DEATH PATROL TO GET IT,
BING, UND THEY ARE A NO MORE!
HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA



ER...A- YES... I AM GLAD
I THOUGHT OF IT...
CORPORAL GET VUN OFF
DA NATIVE PRISONERS
UND MAKE HIM TELL YOU
VOT DOSE DRUMS
MEAN!



VAAH... LET ME
TUV HERE, I
KNOW VOT DOSE
CRAZY MEN CAN RO!



ME
TOO!

AT THE JUNGLE VILLAGE WE MEET PRINCE TOTINHOT KING TOTINHOT'S AMERICAN EDUCATED SON, WHO HAS BEEN RUNNING THINGS WHILE HIS FATHER FIGHTS NAZIS!



TOTINHOT'S MEN FIGHT BRAVELY, BUT THEY'RE HOPELESSLY OUTNUMBERED... THEN... THE TRAP IS SET... AS NATIVES CARRY THE KING'S VALUED POSSESSIONS TOWARD THE VILLAGE SQUARE!



THE DEATH PATROL ZOOMS TO A LANDING... IN A JUNGLE CLEARING NEAR THE KING'S VILLAGE!



HOW... WHAT HAPPENED HERE?



WHAT DIDN'T HAPPEN, FATHER? THEY BEAT US UP AND STOLE YOUR MOST VALUABLE TREASURE!

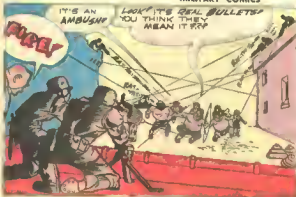


YOU MEAN THEY STOLE MY BEES, MY PET BEES? THAT'S TOO MUCH! COME, GENTLEMEN... WE HAVE A BIT OF A TUSSELE ON OUR HANDS!



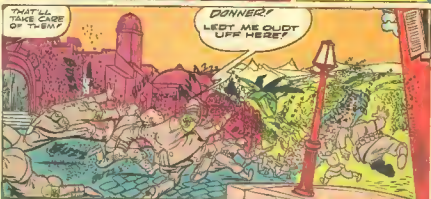
...AND JUST AS THE NAZIS HAD FORMED THEIR HEADS FOR THE VILLAGE SQUARE





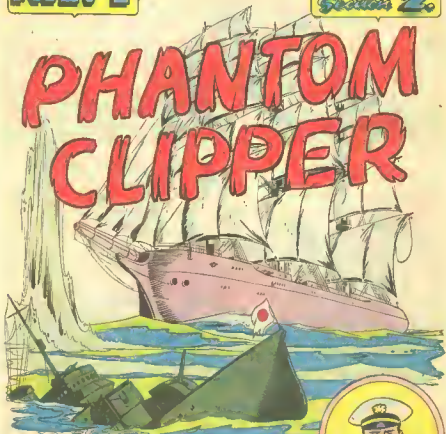
After the wounded...
KING HOTINTOT MAKES
A FINAL GESTURE... AND
FLINGS HIS SPEAR INTO
THE NAZI RANKS!





NAVYSTORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION AT SEA
Section 2.

PHANTOM CLIPPER



IN THE MAELSTROM OF WAR ON THE HIGH SEAS, KNIFE THE PHANTOM CLIPPER, THE FASTEST WARSHIP AFLOAT, DISGUISED AS AN OLD NEW ENGLAND CLIPPER SHIP AND AT HER HELM, THE NEWEST UNSUNG HERO OF THE SEAS, LIEUTENANT COMMANDER SHARK, U.S.N., KNOWN TO THE MEN OF THE PHANTOM CLIPPER AS -- TIGER SHARK!

**TIGER
SHARK**

DOWN AN UNIDENTIFIED PORT ON THE WEST COAST OF THE UNITED STATES A GREAT LINER, HER DECK LINED WITH GILET SOLDIERS, PREPARES TO DEPART.



WELL, THERE SHE GOES--THE PICARDY, ONE OF THE FINEST SHIPS AFLOAT--AND WITH HER GO 12,000 MEN! I HOPE--

OH, STOP WORRYING, SHARK. HE'S GAILING HER--BEE--KEEP IN STRICT SECRECY--AND AN ESCORT WILL MEET HER TOMORROW! SHE'LL GET BY



HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT--BUT I STILL THINK THAT ESCORT'S MEETING HER TOO FAR AWAY! WELL, FELLOWS, I THINK I'LL TROT HOME FOR SOME SLEEP!



AND SO, THE RISING SUN FINDS THE GREAT SHIP PLOUGHING STEADILY WESTWARD, CARRYING 1,000 AMERICAN BOYS--TO WHAT?



LT COMMA--DER SHARK, WE RILY HEADS FOR HIS QUARTERS--BUT SUDDEN

HELLUP! WHAT THE DID I HEAR A VOICE CALL FOR...



HELP! I WAS RIGHT! AND IT'S COMING FROM DOWN HERE!



SHARK--TANK HEAVENS IT'S YOU THE PICARDY SHARK GOT TO SAVE--HER SHE'S OFF COURSE--



WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? HERE I AM, YOUR HURT! LET ME TAKE YOU TO TIME! STEN--I WAS CARRYING SEALED ORDERS--TO PICARDY-- LOCATION OF RENDEZVOU WITH--CONVOY



MEN GRABBED ME -- KNIFED ME! ONE WAS A JAP--THEY SUBSTITUTED FALSE ORDERS--JAP SHIPS GOING TO--SINK-- GOT TO SAVE HER!



HURRY DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME--I'M ALL RIGHT--NOW THAT YOU KNOW--SAVE THOSE MEN--VE--DHHH

HE'S DEAD! THOSE DEVILS! I'LL SETTLE THE SCORE FOR YOU KID!



MINUTES LATER--NAVAL HEADQUARTERS--

WHAT? YOU'RE UNDER MEAN WE SEALED ORDERS. CAN'T RADIO SHARK! THEY MUST FOLLOW THOSE ORDERS AND IGNORE ALL RADIO OR OTHER ORDERS--FOR FEAR OF A JAP TRICK!



WE'LL SEND OUT DESTROYERS AND RADIO THE CONVOY TO CHANGE COURSE!

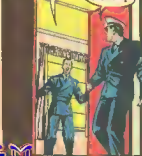
LET'S SEE THE MAP! THEY WERE TOPICK UP THE CONVOY HERE--THE JAPS MUST KNOW THAT, SO THEY'D SEND THE PICARDY AS FAR FROM THERE AS POSSIBLE--WHICH WOULD BE ABOUT HERE!



GOOD LORD SHARK! MAYBE THE CONVOY CAN'T GET TO THAT POINT FOR HOURS--AND EVEN OUR FASTEST DESTROYERS WON'T GET THERE IN TIME! 12,000 MEN ARE DOOMED!



SHARK! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO A RACE AGAINST DEATH, SIR? WISH ME LUCK!



SHORT MINUTES AND LONG MILES LATER, SHARK SCREAMS TO A STOP IN A HIDDEN COVE...

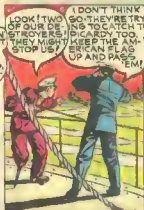


AND RACES TO THE SLEEK PHANTOM CLIPPER...





SEVERAL HOURS LATER...



AN HOUR LATER ABOARD THE CLIPPER

CAP! LOOK! WE'VE MADE THERE'S THE PICARDY NOW!

AND JUST IN TIME BY TOPHET! LOOK!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN? OH, OH! I SEE!

SEE THAT SMOKE? IF THEM AINT JAPS, I MISS MY GUESS!



I'VE GOT AN IDEA, CAP! ALTER THE COURSE, HEAD BETWEEN THOSE COLUMNS, AND WHEN THEY COME OVER THE HORIZON, WE'LL STOP THE MOTORS AND ---

'NUFF SAID, TIGER! I GET IT, YE!



ABOARD ONE OF THE JAPANESE DESTROYERS...

HONORABLE S.R. THE PICARDY REPORTED DIRECTLY AHEAD BUT THERE IS AN OLD SAILING SHIP BETWEEN US ---

SAILING SHIP LET ME SEE!



GO THE AMERICAN FOOLS. THEY THINK WE WILL PASS THEM BY. HEY! ORDER THE FORWARD GUNS TO FIRE. WE WILL HAVE A BIT OF TARGET PRACTICE!



MEANWHILE...

THUNDERATION! THEY VE OPENED FIRE! LET 'EM HAVE IT!

NOT YET, CAP! IF THIS WORKS WE'LL SINK BOTH OF 'EM! WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE IT FOR ANOTHER MINUTE OR TWO!



TENSE SECONDS PASS... ANOTHER SHELL EXPLODES...

HANG ON, BOYS! WE'RE ALMOST BETWEEN THEM!

BLESS ME! WHY DON'T THE BLIGHTERS HURRY UP... SO WE CAN BLAST 'EM!



SWIFTLY THE DESTROYERS DRAW ALONGSIDE. JAPANESE GUNNERS GRIN AS THEY DRAW BEAD FOR AN EASY KILL...



WHEN SUDDENLY, FROM THE CLIPPER...

DISH IT OUT, MEN! UP WITH THE GUNS -- FULL SPEED AHEAD -- ALL TORPEDO TUBES -- FIRE!



SUDDENLY, HARMLESS-LOOKING HATCH COVERS DISAPPEAR AND GREAT GUNS SLIDE INTO VIEW.



UP TO IT, LADS!
BLAST THE YELLOW DEVILS!

FROM WHAT APPEARED TO BE HATCH COVERS, HALF A DOZEN DEADLY TORPEDOES LEAP INTO THE SEA.



THE JAPANESE C-M-M-M-ND-ER BELLOWS ORDERS.

BY MY ANCESTORS! A Q-BOAT! ALL GUNS FIRE! CHANGE COURSE. THOSE TORPEDOES WILL...



BUT TOO LATE! THE SIX TERRIBLE ENGINES OF DESTRUCTION FIND THEIR MARKS!



BULL'S EYE! IT AIN'T RIGHT NOT A ONE! I EYE! WE GOT OF 'EM MISS NO CHANCE ED! THEM TO USE OUR GUNS! YOU TORPEDO MEN 'AS ALL THE FUN!



BUT AS THE CREW OF THE CLIPPER CONGRATULATE EACH OTHER...



NICE GOING, MEN, WE'VE SAVED-

JEHOSEPHAT! WHAT WAS THAT?!

WHUMPH

A JAP BATTLESHIP AND LOOK A THE SIZE OF 'ER! ONE O THOSE SHELLS'D BLOW US TO-



I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN! CAP! START THE SMOKE MACHINES! AND GET THE PLANE READY!



BUT WE CAN'T
FIGHT A BATTLE
SHIP! THEM
LITTLE BOMBS
IN THE PLANE
WON'T HURT
ER--ER--UH

WE'RE FIGHTING
FOR TIME, CAP.
I'LL NEED INCEN-
DIARY BOMBS
AND ALL THE GAS-
OLINE THE PLANE
WILL CARRY!
I THINK I CAN KEEP
THE JAPS BUSY
FOR A WHILE

WELL, IF YOU
SAY SO--
THERE GOES
THE SMOKE!
WE'RE
LUCKY--THE
WIND'S
RIGHT! NOW
FOR THE
PLANE!

MOMENTS LATER ABOARD
THE JAPANESE BATTLE
SHIP

HONORED SIR! WE ARE
THE LITTLE
SHIP HAS
LOADED A
SMOKE-SCREEN!
IT BLOWS
THIS WAY!

LET IT GO
AFTER BIG
GER GAME--
THE PIC
AND 12,000
STUPID
AMERICA



THE GREAT BATTLESHIP
BOWS TOWARD THE
VANISHING LINER, WHEN
SUDDENLY...

LOOK!
MY CAPTAIN!
THERE!



A PLANE! SHOOT HIM
DOWN! CATAPULT
OUR PLANE TO
THE ATTACK!



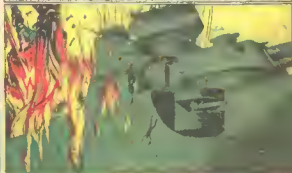
BUT BEFORE THE STARTLED
JAPANESE CAN ACT
TIGER SHARK LOOSES
HIS CARGO OF TERROR



A MISS IS IMPOSSIBLE
AT SUCH CLOSE RANGE--



IN A MOMENT, THE DECK OF THE BATTLESHIP IS A
BLAZING INFERNO! FLAMING GASOLINE MAKES
MEN HUMAN TORCHES--AMMUNITION EXPLODES--



MOMENTS LATER...

HOIST'ER
UP CAP?WELL I'LL BE... YE'VE SUNK A
THE FIRE MUST... BATTLESHIP...
HAVE REACHED... ALL BY YOUR-
THE MAGAZINE! SELF, BY GUM!HERE COME
OUR DESTROY-
ERS CAP!
GUESS WE
CAN HEAD
FOR HOMEYEP! PEERS
TO ME WE
DONE A
RIGHT SMART
DAY'S WORK!ABOARD ONE OF THE
UNITED STATES DESTROYERSWE CONTACTED
THE PICARDY AGAIN -
SIR! SHE STILL RE-
FUSES TO CHANGE
COURSE TILL SHE
MEETS THE CON-
VOY! BUT, SIR,
SHE --FOR
HEAVENS
- KE, MAN
I TOLD YOU
TO ASK HER
ABOUT THAT
FIRING!I'M COMING TO
THAT, SIR! SHE
REPORTS TWO
JAP DESTROY-
ERS AND A
BATTLESHIP
SUNK-- BY A
SAILING SHIP
IT'S FANTASTIC!I'M NOT SO
SURE, BOY!
REMEMBER
THAT CLIP-
PER WE SAW
THIS MORN-
ING?I'VE HEARD WILD STORIES
ABOUT A SHIP LIKE THAT
NEVER BELIEVED THEM!
THEY CALL HER THE
PHANTOM CLIPPER.
I WONDER...RIGHT, CAPTAIN!
THE PHANTOM
CLIPPER! SHE
FIGHTS TO
CLEAR THE
SEAS OF
THE SCUM
OF THE
EARTH.
SPURRED
ON BY HER
GALLANT
CREW AND
THEIR
LEADER,
TIGER
SHARK!

INFERIOR MAN

BY A. A. JAFFEE

HIS FRIENDS KNOW HIM AS MILD LITTLE COURTNEY RUDD. BUT IN REALITY HE IS THAT SUPER-DUPER MASTER OF NOTHING, INFERIOR MAN!... NOW ON A FURLUGH FROM THE ARMY

IT IS NIGHT IN THE WILDS OF BROOKLYN... ON A CORNER TWO NATIVES SPEAK WITH SADNESS IN THEIR VOICES...

YOUSE IS RIGHT HUMAN! IT AIN'T LIKE DA GOOD OLE DAYS ANYMORE!

NAW... WHY I USETA SELL DAT BROOKLYN BRIDGE AT LEAST TREE TIMES A WEEK.... WHAAAAA.....

PARDON ME COULD YOU PLEASE TELL ME WHERE I COULD GET A BRIDGE FOR MY...?

BRIDGET? SAY NO MORE MY FRIEND... I'VE GOT JUST THE THING FOR YOU!

TEN MINUTES LATER...

YEH SURE I'LL SELL YA DIS BEBOOTIFUL BRIDGE FER JES' FIFTY BUCKS!! HOW'S DAT?

WELL... AH... I MEAN

NEXT MORNING... BACK IN NEW JERSEY...

WAL, COURTNEY RUDD/HOW'S THINGS AN STUFF IN THE BIG CITY?

FATHER I... I GOT A BIG BRIDGE ALL MY OWN!!!

BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW I'LL EVER GET MY BRIDGE HOME HERE TO SCREAMIN' RIDGE...

THAT'S EASY JES' MAKE A WISH TO KITCH THE WITCH....

POON COURTNEY WHO IS REALLY INFERIOR MAN, IS WITH THE WITCH....

YE WANT THE BRIDGE HERE? HEH HEH... HOLD THESE BONES AN MAKE A WISH!!!!

WHOOEE!
MY H-HEAD
!!

OLD BONES FROM
EAMIN RIDGE
BRING OLE KITCH
TH' BROOKLYN
BRIDGE!



THE SUN RISES OVER
BROOKLYN... AS HIGH
AS IT CAN GET

CWON...
LET'S CROSS
DE BRIDGE
!!

HOIMAN!
DA...DA
DE BRIDGE
IS GONE!!



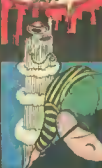
MALARKEY!! Y'YER
CWON... F...F...
WILL YA? FLOATIN'
ON AIR!



YIPE!!



OH HOIMAN!! CHEE!!
LL MABEL
SAY?



IN A FEW MINUTES THE
DREADFUL WORD SPREADS.
THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE
HAS BEEN STOLEN!!

KEEP BACK!
KEEP BACK
!!

WOW!!
WHO COULDA
DONE IT??!!
BET IT WAS DOSE
YANKS!



ANY FINGER
PRINTS,
SHOLOCK?



NARN!! ONLY
STEVE
BRODIE'S
SIGNATURE!



BOO HOO!!
EVVYTHING
HAPPENS
TO
BROOKLYN!
BOOOOOO--



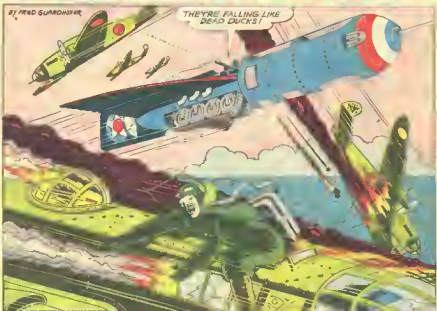
FOIST WE
LOSE DE
WORLD SERIES
...NOW WE
LOSE OUR
BRIDGE!!
WAAA!



THE BLUE TRACER

BY FRED GUARDINER

THEY'RE FALLING LIKE DEAD DUCKS!



IN AN EFFORT TO HELP THE BELEAGUERED FORCES OF FREEDOM IN THE PACIFIC, CAPTAIN BILL DUNN AND BOOMERANG JONES, HURL THE BLUE TRACER INTO A SQUADRON OF JAPANESE BOMBERS, INTENT ON BLASTING THE AMERICANS IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

BELOW THE BLUE TRACER, LIES A SMALL ISLAND.



FROM A CONCEALED EMPLACEMENT AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN FIRES AT THE VALIANT AMERICAN MACHINE



THE BURSTING SHELLS EXPLODE DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO BILL AND BOOMERANG!



A LUCKY HIT SMASHES A
PROPELLER BLADE!



THE TWO MEN ARE SOON
QUICKLY AT WORK ON THE
PROPELLER.



THAT DIDN'T TAKE
LONG - AND
NOBODY'S COME
AFTER US -

OH-OH! WE GOTTA
GLIDE TO THAT ISLAND
MUST BE JAPS DOWN
THERE!



YOU AND
THE BLUE
TRACER ARE MY
PRISONERS!

WHO-
WHAT?

WOW!



THE BLUE TRACER LANDS ON
THE SANDY BEACH



STICK 'EM
UP!



I KNOW YOU - YOU'RE
CALLED THE SHE
WOLF OF THE JAW
-SEA!

WHAT HAVE YOU
AGAINST US?
AREN'T YOU A
WHITE WOMAN?
WE'LL PROTECT
YOU!



I AM HALF JAP AND
AMERICAN - I HAVE
NO COUNTRY EXCEPT
THIS ISLAND - AND I
LIQUIDATE ALL
COMERS... BUT I CAN
CERTAINLY USE THAT
MACHINE OF YOURS!



THE WAR-LIKE LADY MARCHES HER
PRISONERS TO A HOUSE IN THE TREES

SHE'S QUITE A
GAL - SORT OF A
MODERN PIRATE!

NOBODY WAS EVER
ABLE TO FIND HER
ISLAND BEFORE!



**BOASTFULLY SHE SHOWS THE MEN
HER SUPPLY OF GUNS AND WEAPONS**

I'M NOT
TAKING SIDES
IN THIS
WAR --

BUT LADY! HOW CAN YOU
STAND THE JAPS' TREAT-
MENT OF HELPLESS
CIVILIANS?



IF YOU'LL CALL A TRUCE,
I'LL SHOW YOU OUR
MOVIE RECORDS OF
WHAT WE SAW
GOING ON!



**THE GIRL AGREES AND BILL BRINGS IN
HIS MOVIE PROJECTOR AND SCREEN FROM
THE BLUE TRACER**

WAIT TILL YOU
SEE THESE ACTUAL FILMS
WE TOOK IN CHINA, MANILA,
HONGKONG, MALAYA



**VIVIDLY THE FILM PORTRAYS THE CRUELTY
OF THE BARBARIC JAPANESE...**

**CAPTURED PRISONERS OF WAR ARE
TORTURED AND BEATEN BY THE JAPS!**

AND THAT AIN'T
ALL, SISTER! YOU
OUGHT TO SEE
WHAT THEY DO TO
KIDS!



I-I DID
NOT KNOW
IT WAS AS
AWFUL AS
THAT --
OOHH...



**ACROSS THE SCREEN PASS THE CHILDREN
CRIMPLED BY JAP BOMBS AND GUNS!**

**STOP IT! I CAN'T
STAND IT! LET
ME JOIN YOU,
PLEASE!**

**BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT A
SHELL EXPLODES NEARBY!**



A JAP WARSHIP HAS QUIETLY MOVED OFF THE COAST OF THE LITTLE ISLAND!

WE'RE GOING TO BE INVADED!



C'MON BOYS! I'M READY FOR THEM. THEY AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET!



ABOARD SHIP THE JAP SOLDIER'S PREPARE TO INVAD!

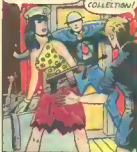
PROBABLY NO ONE THERE EXCEPT A COUPLE OF BEACHCOMBERS!



BUT ON THE ISLAND, THE GRL RATIONS HER ARSENAL OF GUNS.

HERE'S A "CHICAGO GUN" FOR YOU!

SEE - WHAT A COLLECTION!



HERE THEY COME!

DON'T SHOOT TILL YOU SEE THE WHITES OF THEIR EYES!



THE LANDING PARTY SPEEDS TO SHORE!



AS THEY STRUGGLE IN THE SURF, THE THREE DEFENDERS LET GO!



CAUGHT IN THE MURDEROUS FIRE OF THE MACHINE GUNS THE INVADERS ARE WIRED OUT!



MORE BOATS PUT OUT FROM THE BATTLESHIP!



THE WOMAN LOADS A BARREL INTO A SPRING, MADE OF A BENT TREE!



THIS IS MY INVENTION! THE BARREL'S FULL OF SNAKES!

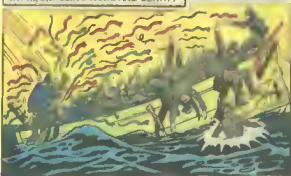
THE TRIGGER ROPE IS CUT AND THE TREE SNAPS FORWARD!



THE BARREL LOOPS THROUGH THE AIR...



AND SMASHES INTO ONE OF THE BOATS SCATTERING THE POISONED SNAKES, CAUSING PANIC AND DEATH!



OKAY FOLKS! WE BETTER SCRAM, THERE ARE TOO MANY OF EM! TO THE BLUE TRACER!

NOW I'M YOUR PRISONER!



THE THREE FIGHTERS RACE INTO THE WAITING MACHINE,



MAKE WITH THE LEGS, FOLKS!

WITH BILL AT THE CONTROLS, THE BLUE TRACER ZOOMS OFF THE GROUND!



WE'RE GOING TO GET THAT BATTLESHIP!

AT SIGHT OF THE BLUE TRACER, THE JAP SHIP FLEES - FIRING AS IT GOES!



PREPARE TO DIVE - RAM HERE WE GO!



RETRACTING ITS TELESCOPIC WINGS THE BLUE TRACER DIVES LIKE AN AERIAL TORPEDO!



ARMOR PLATES AND STEEL BULKHEADS CRUMBLE AS THE BLUE TRACER CRASHES INTO THE JAPANESE BATTLESHIP!



THE DIVING BLUE BULLET GOES RIGHT THROUGH ITS TARGET!



AS BILL SWOOPS UP OUT OF THE SEA HIS PASSENGERS WITNESS THE END OF THE WARSHIP!



YOU CAN TAKE ME TO THE ALLIED COMMANDER... THERE ARE MANY SECRETS OF THE JAPANESE THAT I CAN TELL HIM!



AND SO THE FIGHTERS ON THE SIDE OF THE ALLIED COUNTRIES, ZOOM AWAY TO CONTINUE THE WAR AGAINST THE AXIS OF DESTRUCTION.





MILITARY COMICS PRESENTS AN EXCLUSIVE, TRUE STORY OF HEROISM
ABOARD THE BLAZING LUXURY LINER, NORMANDIE

Beechhurst, Long Island, New York, is just a small one horse town. No matter what the Chamber of Commerce says . . . it's still a one horse town where nothing much ever happens. Even in these times, with nearly all the young fellas in the army, there's nothing exciting to report. That is, up until the Normandie burned up.

But first let's get the background in. When all Europe went to war, lots of defense industries sprang up all over the country to help supply the beleaguered Democracies. Along with plenty of other fellas 20-year-old Charles Neff of Beechhurst, got himself a defense job. The pay was good and he was learning a trade. He's just an ordinary boy . . . about five foot seven or eight, wears glasses, hangs around the ball field with the rest of the kids . . . you'd never pick him out to be the hero type. But that was before the

Normandie burned. Today he's the talk of the town.

Charlie worked pretty darn hard at his job, and after a year and a half got to be Snapper of the pipe-fitters helpers. In the ship yards, Snapper, means foreman. That's O K for a young fella. Along came Pearl Harbor and the Normandie was being refitted as a super troopship. That would have been a tremendous job, with plenty of pipes to fix . . . so Charlie got himself a job working on the future U.S.S. Lafayette. (Which would have been the new name of the Normandie). By February 9th, the work was well under way. The fancy staterooms that ordinarily slept two people, were fitted with bunks for sixteen soldiers . . . gun foundations were put in and reinforced clear down to the keel . . . and practically all the furniture was removed. That fateful Monday morning started out just like any other day and

Charlie reported to work as usual. One of the other Beechhurst boys, Monk Menke, waved hello to Charlie as he came off the night shift, never dreaming that in just a few hours Charlie would be a hero and the Normandie would be a charred hulk.

Charlie's job that day was in the main salon, way up on the boat deck. That's three decks above the dock, up on top of the ship. The main salon was one of the few places where the luxurious furnishings had not been removed, and those red and green leather easy chairs burned like tinder. The first thing that Charlie knew, great stifling clouds of smoke and flame were pouring through the doorway into the room where he was working. Without a moment's hesitation he unwound the ship's hose nearest the blaze and began to play it on the fire. His job didn't include firefighting, but men's lives were in the balance, and

young Charlie stayed at the hose. There was no stopping *that* blaze, however, and Charlie was forced further and further back. Not being equipped for this sort of thing, the young hero inhaled much more smoke and flame than is good for anybody. When

en exit. His eyes were smarting so badly that he could just about see . . . and he didn't notice, until he stumbled and fell, that a man was lying stretched out on the deck . . . unconscious . . . or dead! There was no time to try and revive the man, so although he

stairway, and another . . . then along the smoke filled deck to the gangplank . . . five, ten, fifteen feet to the dock. Unable to drag the tremendous burden any longer, his tortured lungs gasping for air, young Charlie keeled over, alongside the man he had rescued.

That's about all there is to it . . . the man was alive and was released from the hospital BEFORE Charlie was. You may say that Charlie's deed wasn't much . . . you're right! It WASN'T . . . All he did was save a man's life at the risk of his own. Anyone would have done the same thing. That's just it . . . Charlie's deed is typical of the quiet, determined heroism that is going to smash the dictators to their knees. I tell this story, not because Charlie Neff is another Sergeant York . . . but then again, maybe he is! York did his job as well as he knew how, and Charlie did his. Colin Kelly did his job and General MacArthur his. Some have big jobs . . . others have small ones. But they're all Americans and they do their jobs WELL! Kelly's name will live forever, and Charlie's will be forgotten tomorrow . . . But the heroism and valor of the American men and boys, of whom Charlie is typical, will NEVER be forgotten!

Oh yes . . . And Charlie DID give Beechhurst something to talk about!



at length a fireman appeared and took the hose away from him, he was in a pretty foggy condition. By this time the abandon ship alarm began to sound and Charlie made his way through smoke filled corridors towards the near-

weighed 200 pounds, little Charlie promptly hauled him to the stairway and lowered him to the next deck. Charlie needed help himself . . . but the hope that he might save a man's life drove him on. Down another

ATLANTIC PATROL

A TRUE STORY OF
DARING ADVENTURE

IN THE CARIBBEAN DEFENSE
AREA, THE U.S.S. OMAHA IS PATROLING

STEAMER OFF
STARBOARD
BOW...!!

THE SHIP TURNS OUT TO BE
THE S.S. ODEMWALD, DISGUISED
AS THE S.S. WILLMOTO, OUT OF
PHILADELPHIA!!

SCUTTLE SHIP!! THEY SUSPECT
US... IGNITE THE
BOMB FUSES!!

THEY'RE
ABANDONING
SHIP SIR---

THAT MEANS
EXPLOSIVES SET
TO BLOW UP--
ROW FASTER,
MEN!

HURRY UP MEN
WE'VE GOT TO
LOCATE THE
BOMBS---

GOSH!! A FEW MORE
SECONDS AND WE'LL
BE BLOWN TO KING-
DOM COME....!!

WHEW!!
THAT SURE
WAS CLOSE

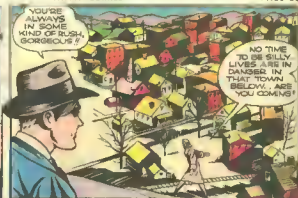
THUS THE CREW OF THE U.S.S.
OMAHA BRING A RICH PRIZE INTO
SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO....!!

NEXT ISSUE, ANOTHER THRILLING
STORY OF THE ATLANTIC PATROL
... BE SURE TO READ IT ...



ALONG THE ROCKBOUND
OF NORWAY, NAZI SOLDIERS
FIRE ON A THUNDERING
BOAT ..



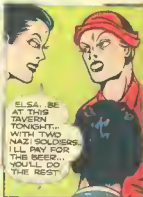


SHORTLY AFTER, ELSA LARSON GIVES X AND JIMMY GRAY A REVEALING STORY...



MY FATHER WAS PUT IN A CONCENTRATION CAMP BY HIS OWN BROTHER A QUISLING

I KNOW... THE UNDERGROUND BROUGHT ME THE STORY... LISTEN



ELSA... BE AT THIS TAVERN TONIGHT... WITH TWO NAZI SOLDIERS... I'LL PAY FOR THE BEER... YOU'LL DO THE REST

THAT NIGHT...



AHH... YOU NAZI SOLDIERS ARE SO BRAVE... AND HANDSOME

AHH... YOUR FATHER SHOULD BE LIKE YOU FRAULEIN HE'LL SOON DIE!



ER... HANS... IT IS VERY WARM IN HERE... COME... LET US GO OUTSIDE... YOU TOO FRITZ.

YA... YA... LET US GET SOME AIR, MY LIEBER FRAULEIN



AS THEY STEP OUTSIDE...

OH... MEIN THROAT!!! I C... CAN'T... UGH...

POISONED!!... WE ARE P. POISONED...



HA... HOW DOES IT FEEL TO DIE NAZI DOG? I DON'T FEEL A BIT SORRY FOR YOU



SOON AFTER...

GOOD WORK, ELSA... THESE NAZI UNIFORMS AND THAT CAR SHOULD FREE YOUR FATHER, EH, GRAY?

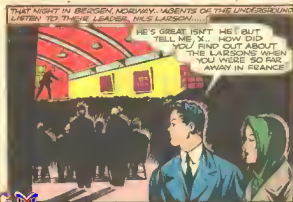
YEP!



NOW WE'LL PAY ELSA'S UNCLE MAX A VISIT... THEN TO GET TO YOUR FATHER BEFORE DAWN... AND THE EXECUTION HOUR

THESE NAZI CRATES AREN'T TOO FAST!







This is an actual story based upon inside facts gathered from U.S.N. Information Bureau's

17 PLANE JAP ARMADA VS. TINY TENDER

USS HERON IN AMAZING EXPLOIT BEATS JAP BOMBERS, SHOOTS DOWN ONE!

The U. S. Navy Department announced with pride, the decoration and promotion of Lieutenant William L. Kahler, commander of the seaplane tender, USS HERON, which won a phenomenal 17-hour battle with Japanese bombers somewhere in the Pacific war area.

It was explained that Lieutenant Kahler's feat required not only exceptional daring, but extraordinary skill, which has become a legend in the Navy Department.

In opinion of naval strategists, if Lieutenant Kahler could beat Japanese bombers in a small ship, no larger than an ice-berging tug and withstand a severe bombing that sank big battle ships like the HMS PRINCE OF WALES, it might be wise to send more small craft over to shame the Japanese.

The battle began when . . .



HURRY!...WE
MUST FINISH
THIS JOB BEFORE
THE JAPS ARRIVE
AT THIS MANILA
NAVAL STAT O

I CONTACTED
THE U.S.S.
HERON SIR



SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC THE SEAPLANE
TENDER U.S.S. HERON RECEIVES ORDERS



ON THE BRIDGE, LIEUT. KADLER
SCANS THE RADIO MESSAGE

HM-M...PROCEED
AT ONCE TO...NEVER
MIND, SET COURSE
ONE NINE ZERO

COURSE
ONE NINE
ZERO, SIR



MEANTIME, A JAP PATROL
BOMBER SQUADRON GET
READY TO TAKE OFF ON
ROUTINE MISSION

THIS TIME WE MUST DESTROY
AN AMERICAN WARSHIP, NO
MATTER HOW
BIG OR HOW
SMALL



REMEMBER THE HARUNA AND
THE KONGO AND ALL OUR
OTHER SHIPS THEY'VE SUNK!!
THIS IS A QUESTION OF MORALE
WE HAVEN'T SUNK AN AMER-
ICAN WARSHIP SINCE PEARL
HARBOR!! THIS TIME NO
EXCUSES FOR FAILURE ---!!



THE JAP PATROL BOMBERS TAKE OFF
AND CLIMB TO GAIN ALTITUDE ----



JAP PATROL BOMBERS
COMING DEAD ASTERN



FATE DRAWS THE JAPANESE
SQUADRON AND THE U.S.S.
HERON TO A CLASH ----



MAN THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS!... WE'LL GIVE THOSE BROWN MONKEYS A FIGHT THEY WON'T FORGET IN A HURRY!!



TO BATTLE < OH, FINE...!! A STATIONS!! > FIGHT AND ME TAKIN' A SHOWER!!



HEY, SAILOR!! WHAT'S THE RUMPUS ABOUT?

JAP PLANES?... GONNA HOW YOUR PHYSIQUE?



WELL, WELL, LOOK WHAT THE WELL DRESSED C.P.O. WEARS THESE DAYS, BOYS.

VERY, VERY FUNNY... I HOPE YOU GUYS KIN FIGHT AS WELL AS YOU KIN TALK...!!

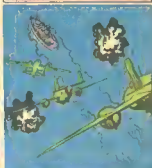
PRETTY, AIN'T HE?



HERE THEY COME...!! NOW I'LL SHOW YOU LADS SOME REAL SHOOTIN'!!



WITH THEIR BOMB BAYS OPEN, THE BOMBER'S DIVE TO THE ATTACK!!



LIEUT. KABLER STEERS THE SHIP IN A ZIG-ZAG COURSE TO ESCAPE THE BOMBS...



THE HERON'S GUN CREWS PUT UP SUCH A BLISTERING CURTAIN OF FIRE, THE JAP PLANES ARE FORCED AWAY...



I DON'T SEE ANY OF THOSE SWELL SHOTS YOU WERE BRAGGIN' ABOUT!

SHUT UP! I HAVEN'T FIRED YET!!



ONE BOMBER COMES IN LOWER THAN THE OTHERS...

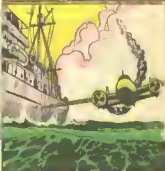
PLACE YOUR BETS, BOYS--!!



BY THE HONORABLE SHIN SHARP SHOOTER HAS HIT STARBOARD MOTOR



AND THE SMOKING BOMBER ALMOST CRASHES INTO THE SEA BESIDE THE LITTLE HERON, BUT IT ESCAPES

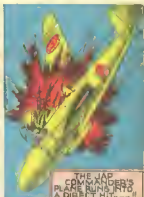


THE FAILURE OF THE FIRST ATTACK ENRAGES THE JAP LEADER

TERRIBLE!! ONE SMALL SHIP-- AND YOU CAN'T EVEN HIT IT--!! ALL PLANES FOLLOW ME!!



SEE THAT LEADING PLANE? THE BIG SHOT HIMSELF IS LEADING THE NEW ATTACK!! THERE'S YOUR CHANCE BOYS



THE JAP COMMANDER'S PLANE RUNS INTO A DIRECT HIT--!!

MY CHUTE IS STUCK!!... CAN NOT BAIL OUT-- WATER CLOSE!!



LIEUT. KABLER IS FORCED TO SWING THE HERON SHARPLY TO AVOID THE BLAZING REMNANTS OF THE BOMBER!!



A LITTLE BOAT LIKE THAT
SHOOTING DOWN HONOR-
ABLE LEADER
IS IMPOSSIBLE!
SHAMEFUL!!



THROWING CAUTION TO THE
WINDS, THE BOMBERS AT-
TACK THE TENDER ONCE AGAIN...

"YOU LET 'EM COME A-
GOSER THEY'LL SINK U
BY FALLING ON U...
KEEP 'EM AWAY...!"

"SHUT UP!
I'M NEAR
SIGHTED!"



THE HERON PLOUGHS STEADILY ON THROUGH
THE HAIL OF BOMBS, ALL OF WHICH MISS



...AND AS THE JAP
PLANES FINISH THEIR
THIRD ATTACK, ONE
HEADS FOR HOME WITH
A SMOKING MOTOR...



SO SORRY TO BOTHER VERY
HONORABLE BASE COMMAND-
ER, BUT PLEASE TO SEND
REINFORCEMENTS TO DEAL
WITH AMERICAN SUPER
BATTLESHIP...!!



AT THE JAP BASE...
HAVE BIG NEWS!...
OUR NOBLE BROTHER
PILOTS ARE ATTACKING
AN AMERICAN MONSTER
BATTLESHIP...

WE SHALL
JOIN THEM
AND AID
THEIR
ATTACK!!



THE REINFORCEMENTS
ARRIVE...WITH INCREDULITY!

WHAT!...IS
THAT LITTLE
TUB THE JANT
AMERICAN
BATTLESHIP?

YOU SHOULD
HAVE THE
HONOR OF
ATTACKING
HER FIRST,
COMMANDER



ALL PLANES...STAY
CLEAR WHILE I...ST-
RATE A PERFECT BOMB-
ING APPROACH...



ON THE HERON'S STERN
GUN PLATFORM....

ONE OF THE NEW
ARRIVALS THINKS
HE CAN GET US IN A
LINE SIGHT... DIS-
ILLUSION HIM....



THE SHELL ALMOST RIPS THE JAP
BOMBER'S STARBOARD MOTOR
OUT OF ITS MOUNTING...!!



秀人女...THEY HIT
MOTOR...
A LUCKY SHOT!



THROWN OFF COURSE AND ALMOST
OUT OF CONTROL, THE BOMBER
WOBBLES OFF PAST THE HERON....



AS IT PASSED....

NO!...I
CAN'T BEAR
TO LOOK...

WATCH ME
TEASE THAT
MONKEY!



虎標萬金油 THEY SHOOT W-WITH
ACCURACY OF
F-FIENOS!!



SEEING THEIR LEADER DISABLED, THE REMAINING JAP PILOTS
ATTACK WITH RENEUED FURY...



KEEP ZIG-ZAGGING TO
SPOIL THESE BIRDS' AIM...
WE'LL GET THROUGH IT...!!

Y-YES SIR



A HEAVY BOMB LANDS CLOSE AMIDSHIPS AND TONS OF WATER CASCADE OVER THE HERON ----



SCUTTLED,
BY HEAVEN!!

--'N JAPS... MY WIFE
MADE THIS BATHROB!
'N NOW LOCK
AT IT
SHRINK!!
... SHE'LL
MURDER
ME!



THEY SPOIL
MY SHOWER,
THEN GIVE
ME A BATH!!



THE JAP WHO DROPPED THE BOMB
IS ALMOST DOWNED BY THE FIRE
OF THE WRATHFUL C.O.



GOOD SAMURAI!
AMERICAN
GUNNER WILL
HIT GAS
TANK!... ME
GET OUT
OF HERE!!

GUESS WE TAUGHT
HIM SOMETHING
H...



YEAH... BUT
WHAT DO
YOU MEAN,
'WE'?

IN HIS ONE MOTORED
BOMBER LIMPING ALONG
ABOVE THE SCENE OF
ACTION, THE JAP LEADER
CALLS FOR MORE PLANES



BOMB SAYS ALL
EMPTY... SEND
MORE BOMBERS,
PLEASE!

ONE OF THE CRIPPLED BOMBERS
RETURNS TO THE JAP BASE...



ALL OUR BOMBERS
CAN'T HIT A LITTLE
TUGBOAT...!! IT MAKES
ME FORTO GHASH MY
TEETH WITH SHAME!!

BAH! WE
SHALL LOAD
THE PLANES
WITH 2,000
LB. BOMBS!

FRESH BOMBERS
ARRIVE, AND THE
BATTLE IS RENewed



FOR 7 LONG HOURS, THE JAPANESE BOMBERS TRY TO SINK THE INTREPID U.S.S. HERON BUT THE LITTLE SEA PLANE TENDER FIGHTS BACK UNDAUNTED... FINALLY THE JAPS ROAR DOWN FOR THEIR LAST ATTACK!

SLAM IT INTO 'EM, MEN----



AT LAST THE JAPS GIVE UP THE PHENOMENAL BATTLE ----



HOW MUCH DAMAGE?

VERY LITTLE, SIR... SOME OF THE BOMBS THAT HIT CLOSE SPRUNG SOME OF THE HULL PLATES BUT THAT'S ALL --



MY WIFE WILL KILL ME FOR JOININ' THIS ROBE --

IT'S MORE FRAID OF HIS WIFE HAN HE IS O THE WHOLE JAPAR



PROUDLY FLYING THE STARS AND STRIPES, THE TOUGH LITTLE U.S.S. HERON STEAMS TOWARD THE NEW BASE



READ SECRET WAR NEWS IN MILITARY COMICS REGULARLY! ALWAYS A TRUE, THRILLING WAR EPISODE -- DON'T MISS IT

U.S. HERO STAMP

DOWN ACROSS THE PACIFIC SWARMING LIKE MAD, BLOODTHIRSTY LOCUSTS CAME THE HOSTS OF THE IMPERIAL ARMY OF JAPAN... HAWAII, WAKE, AND THE PHILIPPINES WERE HAMMERED, AND WHILE AMERICAN OUTPOSTS FELL BACK, ONE MAN REMAINED FIRM CUT OFF FROM THE MAINLAND, OUTNUMBERED, GENERAL MACARTHUR AND HIS BATTERED TROOPS HELD THE JAPS IN A DELAYING ACTION THAT MAY WELL BE THE ONE MANUEVER THAT MOST CONTRIBUTED TO THE VICTORY WE KNOW WILL SURELY COME...

SAVE THIS STAMP ESPECIALLY -- FOR THE NAME MACARTHUR WILL RANK WITH THOSE OF GRANT, CUSTER, AND THE OTHERS OF AMERICA'S GREAT MILITARY HEROES !!!

MILITARY COMICS
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